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THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Foreign News. Of the Elector of Bavaria's *laying down his Arms, and his Reconciliation to the Emperour. Of his Reasons for so doing. Of the Siege of Old* Brisac *by the French. Of a Scandalous Poem Reflecting upon the Memory of King* William. *The Country-mans Answer thereunto.*

From Wednesday September the 1st, to Saturday September the 4th, 1703.

Country-m. MAster *Observator*, Have you Read thorow that Three-penny touch of Slander and Calumny upon your Worship.

Obs. No indeed, Honest *Country-man*, and I believe I never shall. If the Father of Lies shou'd Write a Book, there would be no more occasion for me to Read it, than this of his Eldest Son; there are so many Hundreds of People know that part I have Read of it to be so false, that I have no occasion to dig any further in the Dirt. But you may by this see, what sort of People are my Enemies, such as have been two or three times *Pillor'd*, and *Whip'd* in *Bridewell* for *Lying*, such as stand Indicted for *Perjury*, such Authors as have Stolen Books enow from their Booksellers to hang them twice over; a Cabal of *Papists*, *Jacobites*, *Tories* and *Non-jurant Clergy-men*: But I have discovered the Printer and Publishers of that Libel, and I don't want a way to do my self Justice. But I'll tell thee, what if a Cabal of *Papists* and *Jacobites*, shall be Suffer'd to Murder the Reputation of a Person, and to Enter into Plots against him for his Services to the Parliament, and what he has discovered by their Order? The Members of the Honourable *House of Commons*, must for the future watch those Rogues themselves, who contrive ways to accuse them of taking *French* Money; if the Persons they Employ for the Security of their Reputation cannot do it without the hazard of their own. I'll warrant thee, I'll find Means to bring these *Libellers* to Punishment.——Prithee, What News? That's more Material than this Stuff.

Country-m. There are three *Holland* Mails Arrived, and here is *Benj. Harris*'s Express, giving an Account of the particulars of them. One thing very remarkable, and what I am glad to hear, is, That the Elector of *Bavaria* is come over to his Allegiance, as many of the Letters say, and some, That he has Actually laid down his Arms. I Protest, I cann't forbear Laughing to think what will be come of those *French* Fellows under *Villars*; they are perfectly Kidnap'd: Poor Rogues they were got into *Bavaria*, as the *Dear-Joys* about Fourteen Years ago were got into *England*, cutting out Lordships for themselves, and casting the Dice for the Bankers-shops in *Lombard-street*, and presently Vanished at the Sight of the *Prince of Orange*, our Late Glorious Soveraign. But the *French* in *Bavaria*, are in a worse Condition than the *Irish* in *England*: I Fancy how Silly they look to find themselves Caught in a *Puppy-Trap*. I hope the *Popish Club* in *Black Fryars* will not Sound their Trumpets for Joy at this News, as they did for the Conjunction of the *French* and *Bavarians*.

Obs. I wish this News holds good: And yet by this Paper it seems likely enough, it being confirm'd by so many Hands from several places. The Affairs of *Bavaria* seem also to allow it. That Elector has made a bold Push against his Natural Soveraign, to make himself and People Tributaries to the *French*; without doubt his Brother of *Cologne*, has ere this time, inform'd him, what a Comfortable thing it is to be turn'd out of *House* and *Home*, and to become a *Fugitive* Prince, Subsisting on the Charity of *France*. *Half a Loaf is better than no Bread*. *Bavaria* may believe it more reasonable to be the Emperours *Mouse*, now he finds he cannot be the *French* Kings *Man*. The Rupture of *Bavaria* seem'd at first to Portend a Fatality to the Affairs of the Confederates; and I think it was no small turn of *French* Policy to bring that Prince into the Interest of *Lewis* the 14*th*. Nor has the Conduct of the Allies in Countermining this Design, been less considerable. There are no common *Fences* against *Bribery* and *Treason*; and to retrieve an Affair, when brought to extremity, is the Business of long Heads, and strong Hands. Had not the Circles, particularly those of *Swabia* and *Franconia*, been kept from embracing the *French* and *Bavarian* Interest, the Court at *Vienna* might before this time, have been in Danger; and that the Circles were kept steady, is owing to the Prudence and Conduct of the Allies, and particularly to the Queen of *England*, who like a truly Protestant Princess at that time Launch'd out her Private Money for the Publick Good; otherwise I believe the Circles and the Inhabitants of *Tyrol*, would not have given such an unexpected Diversion to the Arms of *France*.

This Wise Conduct of Her *Britannick* Majesty, and Her Affection to Her Allies, has Created such a good Correspondence betwixt the *Dutch* and *English*, that the like was never before known. The *Dutch* have formerly in some Reigns been Jealous of the *English* Nation, and that not without Reason too; insomuch that the Pensionary of *Holland* told Sir *William Temple*, That there was such a Fluctuation in the Councils of *England*, that no State knew how to Confederate with Her. All those things which might Create a Suspicion of Publick Management being now laid aside, the Countries of *England* and *Holland* seem confirmed in a Happy Union one with another, under the surest Obligations of Interest and Alliance. The Duke of *Marlborough*, whom the States have Entrusted with the Command of their Forces, has given 'em such signal Proofs of his Fidelity and Conduct, that he is as well Beloved by them as if he were a Native. These things, Honest *Country-man*, are the surest signs of the Downfal and Ruin of the *Gallick* Empire. The Policy of *France* cannot find one cranny

cranny to prep into the Alliance, whereby to create a Misunderstanding among the Confederates. And what cannot Potentates so mighty by Sea and Land, so riveted in one anothers Affections with one Heart and one Mind, do against the common Enemy of *Europe*?

If this News holds true, the Army of *Villars*, as you say, is in a very bad condition. Whatever Reflections may have been cast on the Conduct of Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, by Her Majesties Enemies in *England*; we find that he is now in Motion, and without doubt knew better the Affairs of the Empire, and how to Act for its Interest, than they knew how to direct him. We have no News of the Boasted conjunction of the *French* Forces from *Italy* with those of *Bavaria* in *Tyrol*, but instead of that, we find the *Tyrol Boors* have Invaded *Bavaria*, and the Elector cries out to *Villars* for Help; all these things confirm this News, for what can the Elector of *Bavaria* do in this Exigence? He has been defeated and beaten; his Troops have been cut off and wasted by a Company of Undisciplin'd Men in the *Tyroleze*; the *Auxiliary* Troops under *Villars*, instead of mowing down his Enemies, have planted themselves under Ground in Trenches, and seem to be no other than Spectators of his Ruin; the promised Succours from *Italy* are no more to be depended upon, than Armies of Men from the *Clouds*. You see the People of *Tyrol* make nothing of that Rumour, but they invade *Bavaria* instead of hindering their Conjunction. How would you have a Prince, labouring under these Extremities, behave himself? He has Home and Foreign Enemies about his Ears, his *Country* is laid waste, his Subjects impoverished, he is an Enemy to God and Man, he's in Arms against his Natural Soveraign, and the Prince, whose Party he has espoused, is not able to protect him: Is it not then reasonable that he should return to his Allegiance upon any Terms, and thank God and the Emperor that he is come off, tho' he be shot in the Shoulder?

Country m. Here is one thing I take Notice of, that the *French* have begun to Fire on old *Brisac* from 100 Pieces of *Cannon*, and the *French* Ingenier has learn'd this Trick from our Friend, Master *Coborn*, when he took *Bon*.

Obs. 'Tis impossible to keep things of that Nature Secret. Those Instruments of *Death* and *Destruction* which we use against our Enemies one Day, they may use against us the next; tho' in this *Case* I hope not with the same *Success*. This Place may be of use to the *French* when their *Forces* shall be drawn into *Winter Quarters*; but I think those who are not able to keep the *Country* have little Occasion to take Towns: Only 'tis a little more *Comfortable* to *Starve* in warm *Houses*, than in open *Fields*.

Country-m. Master *Observator*, I have brought you a *Letter* directed to your *Printer*, in which are some Verses highly Reflecting on the *Memory* of King *William*, our Glorious *Deliverer*: Pray look them over.

Obs. You find these things are common. But I have often told you no one can reflect on the Memory of King *William*, without Affronting Queen *Ann*; 'tis not so much the Defamation of the Dead King they Aim at, as the Abuse of the Living Queen. But as the One sav'd us from *Popery* and *Slavery*, and Freed us from the Dissolute Lives; so I hope God will long continue the Other a Blessing to these Nations, the Joy of her People, and the Scourge of such Men as Wrote these Lines. Prithee, Honest *Country-man*, whilst I Smoak my Pipe, give me a Cast of thy *Poetical* Faculty, in Answer to this Malicious Ribaldry.

Country-m. That I will; and I'll do it *Extrumpore*, if you'll Write 'em down.

Could I but find the Knave, whose Lines I read,
I Vow and Swear I'd fairly break his Head:
With Oaken Towell I his Corps would rub,
And work to better Form the Popish Cub.
Layman *or* Priest *'tis all alike to me,*
Or Villain of a Low or High Degree;
My Club, *like that of* Hercules, *should make*
No Feign'd Distinction for his Office Sake;
For who, my Queen, or King Deceas'd revile,
Are Patients worthy of my Oaken Oyl:
I'll 'noint the Villains from the Toe to Crown,
I'll make 'em bow, or else I'll knock 'em down:
Then let them say, I am a Country Clown:
To Brutes like these no Manners should be shown.
My Queens just Right I ever will maintain,
And Praise the Deeds of mighty Williams *Reign,*
Who tho' remov'd, must ne'er return again:
Yet with a Lustre from a heat Divine,
He now does in my mighty Princess shine;
She is my Darling Subject and my Theam;
When e'er I mention Her, I think on Him:
May She like Him before Her People go,
And even Glorious Williams *Acts out-do.*

Obs. Thou hast got a pretty way of *Reformation*, and of Converting Men to better Principles. Have a care, you'll get your self presented by Bill, or *Libell'd*, or bring some *Heavy Mischief* on your *Head*.

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